

A SPRING LILT.

BY ALICE GREY.

Through the silver mist
Of the blossoming spring,
Till the orioles, let
To their joyous lay!
"What is all the world, in all the world," they say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet, as half so sweet as May?"
"June! June! June!"
Low croon
The brown bee in the clover;
"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"
Repeat
The robins, nestled over.

MAY.

BY JOHN VANCE CHESNEY.

When beeches brighten early May,
And young grass shines along her way;
When April willows meet the breeze
Like soft down on the trees;
When small of Spring fills all the air,
And meadows bloom, and blue birds pair;
When Love first bares her sunny head
Over the brook and lily bed;
Nothing of sound or sight to grieve
From choiring morn to quiet eve—
My heart will not, for all its care,
Forget the days to follow these.
This loveliness shall be betrayed,
This happiest of music played
From field to field, by stream and bough,
Shall silent be as funeral now,
The silver launch of thistles sail
Adown the solitary vale;
That blue solitude of sky
Bent over beauty doomed to die,
With nightly mist shall witness here
The yielded glory of the year.

A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

In the year Anno Domini, 1648, the Chevalier de Lair was a member of the seditious Fronde, a political party in France in the minority of Louis XIV, who were opposed to the government and made war on the court party. This nobleman, after the destruction of his property, saw that the success of his party was doubtful, and determined to leave his wife in France, and offer his services to some other power, a circumstance not unusual with the noble classes of Europe.

Accident led him to Stockholm, where at that time almost any adventurer could find favor, and an introduction at court, over which presided Queen Christine.

The daughter of Gustav Adolph was not at that time the intellectual Messalina, who, by her ignominious conduct, disgraced the name of her father, as it happened later, when she entered on the consecrated soil of Rome, the scene of Livius and Agrippina's arid, kissed the feet of his holiness the pope, while in her unwomanly heart the lads of licentious pleasures and terrible deeds had already sprung forth, and were known to the world.

Christine was not blind to the charms of the grateful Frenchman; full of kindness she listened to the story of his vicissitudes and misfortune; while he, with flashing eyes and well-acted enthusiasm, kissed her hand and offered his life and sword to serve the virgin queen of glorious Sweden. She ordered her minister of war to present the chevalier with a lieutenantcy in the royal guard, and gave him an adequate sum of money from her own purse for his outfit.

Several months after the chevalier became a regular officer in the queen's troops, and favors were lavishly bestowed on him by her royal highness. The chevalier was too good a judge of women's heart not to understand the motives which prompted these favors, and as a true Frenchman, possessing a generous share of ambition and pride, he felt that the golden scepter of this northern kingdom would one day rest in his hands.

"It is so great a task to win a queen's heart," he argued. "A queen is but a woman. Until now, I have been a Caesar, where a woman's heart was to be gained, Elizabeth of England found her Essex, Christine of Sweden shall not find her—" The musings of the adventure were cut short by a knock at the door; unwillingly he gave the word "enter" and the door opened. The countenance of the young guard officer assumed an ashen hue, for on the threshold stood smiling, bright as a crystal of ice touched by sunlight, his young wife.

Why did Lair grow pale before this charming apparition? Why did the hand which was stretched forth to bid her welcome tremble?

With lightning-like rapidity it flashed across his mind the proud head of a brilliant Essex rolled from the executioner's block because he was secretly married, and there was a dark shadow in his soul, a threatening foreboding that all his ambition might end with a similar catastrophe. True, queens are but women, but a woman proves dangerous when her jealousy is aroused. Woe to the man who is loved by a jealous queen!

With strange and contending emotions the chevalier embraced his lovely wife. She brought him good tidings from home. Prince Condé, at the surrounding of Paris, had made an amicable agreement with the party of Cardinal Retz, and the destroyed lands of the chevalier had, in the last autumn, yielded a good harvest to his tenants.

"Let us return to France in the next vessel," proposed the young lady. No where does man raise a foundation for the future speedier than in his native land.

The chevalier wavered; ambition and duty waged a terrible battle within him; previous to this he kept the existence of his wife a secret, and while she remained in Sweden, allowed her to appear in public but once; this was at a masquerade fete held at the royal palace.

Christine, that evening, was resplendent in the costume of Elizabeth, (it was her pleasure to compare herself with the virgin ruler of England); her garments were covered with diamonds and gold embroidery; and yet, in spite of the gorgeousness, her appearance was anything but queenly. Women in whom that tender feeling of the heart and feminine graces are wanting, seldom dress with taste.

The chevalier, in a splendid uniform entered the ball room with a black domino hanging on his arm; it was noticed on all sides, and many a questioning glance rested on the queen, as if to ask if she knew who her rival was. The queen, of course, could not help seeing them enter, and resolved, as soon as possible, to end her doubts.

In a little while after he had entered, the chevalier thinking he was unobserved, pushed his way through the crowd into a curtained alcove, near one of the windows, with the black domino following; once there, the domino removed her mask, and the face of De Lair's wife was revealed, while behind their fancied security, they watched the maskers as they passed them.

"What do you think of the queen?" asked the wife after a short silence. "She is a queen as Madame de Launay, of Paris, is a woman," answered he, and broke forth into a derisive laugh.

A moment after, a black domino emerged from behind the curtain of the window. She had heard all that had been said in the adjoining alcove, and breaking through

the crowd in hot haste, neared the minister, removed her mask—it was the queen, who, disguised, had followed the chevalier and his domino to the alcove. Replacing her mask after the astonished minister had recognized her, she drew him aside, and in a suppressed voice asked him what Madame de Launay was. The minister was unable to answer her, but before an hour had passed, a courier was dispatched to France with accurate instructions for the Swedish minister at Paris. A fortnight later, Christine read the following dispatch: "Madame de Launay is a fool who led the Marotte, and attempted to assassinate Anna of Austria." Christine's face grew livid as she read, an ugly smile played about her lips as the trembling hands tore the paper into a hundred fragments and contemptuously threw them from her.

The next day a review of the troops took place, and the queen, attended by court, viewed the spectacle. After the review, the queen had the chevalier called to the front, created him captain, and invited him to sup at the royal table. The smiles of the royal countenance fell so beamingly on the fortunate captain, that the less fortunate enviously predicted that the Frenchman would rule Sweden. When the chevalier left the table, he was intoxicated with his success. Just at this day his wife insisted on leaving the country, and, like Hercules, he stood undecided which path to take; full of foolish ambition, he let the right path lie to his left, and wandered the wrong way.

Thinking that the queen would intrust him with a secret mission to France, and promising soon to follow, he persuaded his wife to leave without him. The poor lady did this with a very heavy heart, and he, too, felt as if his good angel had deserted him when he saw the vessel depart, bound over the blue waves, and holding the only creature who truly loved him. Fortune-hunters abandon the most valuable treasures, and pursue the phantom.

The chevalier climbed step by step, increasing in popularity, soon became general of his regiment; and after a member of the state council; indeed his influence was now so great that office-seekers sought in every way to gain his favor. At last the minister of war vacated his position, and the court entertained no doubt that the favorite would fill the vacancy. The queen doubled her favors and tenderness for the wily adventurer. To him it was clear that the queen would ask a return for the gifts she had so recklessly lavished upon him. The dangerous path was now entered, and Chevalier de Lair did not for an instant realize the consequences of his headlong course; he saw only the present, and if he deigned to look at the future, only the golden throne of Sweden appeared to his pleased vision. At the brilliant court ball, as the chevalier led the queen from his quadrille, she leant trustingly on his arm, and whispered:

"In five minutes leave the ball-room through the crimson satin-curtained parterre leading to my boudoir by a secret entrance—the guards are absent—I have a surprise in store for you."

The queen disappeared shortly afterwards, and the chevalier entered the queen's boudoir by the secret entrance. The room was dimly lighted, and the mad beating of his heart nearly stifled him. Christine entered in her robe de chambre, shedding on him such angelic smiles, that it made his heart throb as though bursting. In him a voice cried, "Now you are regent of Sweden—but what a price—a loving wife's image is defaced."

Passionately he threw himself at her feet, confessing his burning love, and as she bent over him, her eyelids moist and wavering sought his handsome face.

"Can it be true you love me?" softly she whispered—when he arose, clasped her to his breast and swore to the burning lie.

"Now see how I value this love; help! help! help!" shrieked Christine; doors flew open, officers of the guard, gentlemen in waiting, and pages swarmed into the room in the flashing of an eye.

"This wretch secretly entered the room of your queen!" cried she, with flashing eyes. "He dared make shameful proposals to me, and as I with anger showed him the door, he dared profane our sacred person by his unhallowed touch! Have him conveyed to the mad house at Upsala!"

The officers seized the stricken man who staggered as if a deadly stroke had been dealt him, and tearing from his captors, with a heartrending cry, he once more threw himself at the feet of this inhuman woman and stammered:

"Christine, you cannot mean this!" She answered with mocking laugh: "Now feel that Christine of Sweden is more than a mere bugbear; this is how a queen revenges herself."

Five years was the unhappy one incarcerated in the madhouse; and when Charles X, Christine's successor, released him from his confinement, he had become an idiot.

He returned to Stockholm a beggar; found his home and existence in the streets. His life was spent in looking for a vessel which would take him to France.

"I have lost the way to my country, can you tell me how to find it?" asked he of the passer-by, in fear, with cast down eyes, and trembling voice.

Christine laid aside the crown of Sweden, and went to visit other countries. When she first set foot on Danish ground, she behaved as if she had been bereft of all reason; kissed the earth, shouted, sprung about like one possessed of an evil spirit, and cried, "At last! at last! I am free!"

Later, when in Italy and France, she trampled in the dust of human feelings, religion, honor, morality, everything; she was compelled to leave the latter country and return to Stockholm. What was her disappointment, on arriving at her country, to find instead of a jubilant people, from all her former subjects, nothing but dark, silent streets, only one man ran by the side of her torch bearers, and cried:

"Ho, citizens! the great spider has returned. She enmeshed me and sucked out my heart's blood!" Frightened, Christine looked back upon the one who cried, and confronted the dark eyes and pale face of the idiot, and recognized the victim of her queenly revenge.

COMPARATIVE SIZES.

Greece is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is about one fourth the size of New York.

The great desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States. The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

NIHILISM.

The recent Nihilist riots in St. Petersburg and Moscow have evoked public interest and curiosity about Nihilism. People want to know what it is and what kind of men the Nihilists are.

Nihilism is a sort of nickname given to Russian radicalism and communism. It was first introduced some fifteen years ago by the celebrated novelist Tourgueneff, in his "Fathers and Sons." Catching the spirit of the young generation as opposed to the old, he painted in his hero, the student Bazaroff, an impersonation of all that the radical, socialistic, and revolutionary ideas of eastern Europe had bred in Russia since 1848. Bazaroff repudiated everything—society, law, religion, marriage; and he questioned even the principles of the sciences, except of the positive ones, like astronomy, mathematics and chemistry. He believed in nothing—Nihil—whence the word Nihilist. Had Bazaroff and his followers been logical, they ought to have disbelieved in themselves and their theories too. But this did not strike their minds as a necessary consequence of their philosophy.

In the person of Bazaroff, Tourgueneff gave shape and consistency to the vague and diffuse ideas which then prevailed in the heads of many Russian young men. He made a solid thing of a loose one, and in so far, though himself a fierce opponent of Nihilism, he practically became its author. The cheap and noisy radicals and communists now had a written code. They began to think, speak, act, and even dress like Bazaroff. Long hair, long, dirty nails, untidiness in costume, and gruff language became the highest fashion among the majority of Russian students. Saint Simon and Fourier, who, after 1848, had been the high priests of Russian liberalism, were now declared miserable retrogrades, for they had a religion, while true radicalism should have none. Socialism, which at all times and in all its forms had professed some sort of theology, or at least of theosophy, was thus transformed into the most primitive, brutal description of communism. The wildest communists of Paris aimed only at a revolution in the system of government and in the rights of property, while the Nihilists aim at the overthrow of the whole social fabric. They propose to make a clean sweep of everything, and build up a new community, free from all the trammels of existing laws, manners, habits and ideas. As a matter of course, all means are right with such reformers, and a short Reign of Terror is considered as an inevitable preamble to the great reform.

The importance of this movement in Russia has been greatly exaggerated. The Nihilists are troublesome, but not dangerous. They have no regular organization except a kind of affiliation after the Carbonari style. Their ranks are composed of young men and women, mainly of the lower middle classes. University and seminary students constitute the predominating element. There is hardly a person over 25 years of age to be found among them, for even the most enthusiastic radical has to give up this sort of business after a few years' experience. The intestine quarrels of the party, the evident unproductiveness of the work, and the constant danger of banishment to Siberia are sufficient to tire the most sanguine of these theorists.

It is the fault of the Czar's Government that Nihilism has attained its present proportions. Had it been from the start met with ridicule instead of with severity, it would never have made any progress at all. A hose and a head of water, applied to the public gatherings in which the Nihilists occasionally indulge, would have done much more useful work than the policemen's revolvers. The seriousness with which they have been treated has given them the chance of having heroes and martyrs, upon the memory of whom they live, thrive and multiply. It is not of the noisy and silly Nihilists that the Czar's government should have been apprehensive, but of the more quiet republicans and socialists, who both in Russia and Germany make steady and rapid progress, who do not go for a general smash, but watch events, study them, and turn them invariably to the advantage of their party. They are to be found in the legislature, in the army and navy, in the civil service, in all the learned institutions, as well as in the humblest workshop. These are the men who hold the future of both Russia and Germany in their hands. Bismarck has always understood this, and has created a semi-democratic German empire mainly for the sake of preventing their making a federative German republic. But the Russian statesmen have, it seems, not sense enough to see the real danger. They shoot in the streets and exile to Siberia paltry conspirators, of whom none has either intellectual or material means of doing harm; while a really formidable opposition is left to grow and develop itself without the slightest attempt being made either to hush it or to compromise with it.

A LADY'S ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

I had one rather serious rencontre with a party of Mahatma Dakoits (or robbers), on which occasion I think I may justly lay claim to having escaped solely by my fearless horsemanship and unwavering presence of mind. I was riding along, very early one morning, on a little Mahatma mare, about eight miles from Indore, escorted by several troopers of the Cavalry Contingent and two of my own servants. My body-guard was so arranged that some rode before me, and some behind. Just as the day broke, five Mahatma horsemen, armed to the teeth, with long spears in their hands, rode up to our party, and demanded in authoritative terms that the little mare I was riding should be delivered up to them upon the spot! My valiant escort fled at their approach, and I was left to settle accounts with these wild horsemen in the best way I could. Their long spears pointed at me, threatened each moment death and destruction. Twice I managed to break through the lawless band, and maneuver my horse through the ring they formed around me; and twice was I again surrounded, and nearly overcome by the overwhelming number of my enemies. I made my little steed lash out before and behind to prevent the too near approach of the spears, and, fortunately for me, the animal was too full of life and vice to require much prompting to rear and plunge, and kick. Repeatedly the five spears narrowly grazed either me or my gallant gray; but after nearly ten minutes of desperate battle, I succeeded in dashing through the lists of wild horsemen, and, with aid of whip and spur, rode fairly away. My escort, who had so gallantly and courageously left me to my fate, slunk into camp long after I was safely housed.

I had another narrow escape on the following evening, my enemy on this occasion being a panther. It was just sunset, and having distanced my attendant troopers, by taking a longer and harder gallop than

their steeds or their nerves permitted, I was not at all charmed to see a huge panther approaching me from the waste on my left. For a long time he lay crouching behind a bush, apparently awaiting my coming up. My steed was exhausted by the long gallop he had had, and appeared a little lame. Neither persuasive nor coercive measures could at first induce him to accelerate his pace; so I turned my thoughts to the hope of escape offered by the jungly expanse on my right, purposing to strike off across the country, and, having circumvented the foe lying in wait, to return to the road a mile or so in advance. But my plans were frustrated almost as soon as formed; for not a hundred yards distant appeared a second wild animal, horribly like a tiger, which stood eyeing me steadfastly as I hesitated on the road. Despair made me bold—with sudden energy I urged on my halting steed, and escaped both the wild denizens of the jungle at once.

Wild elephants are very numerous in the jungles of Malabar. Not long ago a lady and gentleman were traveling in palanquins, carried by sixteen men each, when the conveyances were suddenly put down on the road, and the two-and-thirty brave carriers took to instant flight, uttering wild cries of "The elephants! the elephants!" The lady was asleep, and never heard anything; but the gallant escort, jumping out of his palmy, hurried to the fair sleeper and dragged her out of the conveyance before she understood the meaning of his frantic and unceremonious haste. They had just time to rush wildly down a slight declivity and hide themselves in the underwood, when the gigantic monster came up to the vehicles, and, imagining them to be still tenants, first trampled them to atoms, and then contemptuously scattered the debris, leaving the luckless travelers to reach Ootacamund the best way they could.

AMERICAN WOMEN VERSUS AMERICAN LADIES.

[London Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

One of the chief means of bringing burning ridicule upon Americans are certain epistles to the public by a class of pretensions unpaid scribes. I regret to see that so-called "lady correspondents" contribute most liberally to this ridicule. I have before me a Paris and London paper, and in both of them are some severe rebukes upon the class of American newspaper correspondents, who draw long bows of fiction and give a glaring gaucherie of coloring to the simplest facts. For example, the vain, the silly egotism of a potentios polyglot, "Octavia Hensel," who gives "you bet" as a typical term to detect a Western lady's style in conversation, and a "square meal" as the expression of cultivated American women, are thrust into the expense of print and publication by "The Home Journal," in a coarse and rude manner, that justly calls forth the rebuke of the Parisian editor, who says, "and these are American 'lady' correspondents."

The English editor remarks: "As long as they indulge in these eccentricities upon their own countrywomen, we have but to express our amazement; but when they describe our English ladies as doing things that no English lady ever did, or could do, we must express more than amazement. We of the older workers in journalism must denounce these modern American 'lady' correspondents who manufacture events and occurrences that bear no resemblance to English ladies—to say nothing of making the papers containing these fictions laughing-stocks."

There is a savage, sweeping, stereotyped habit of denunciation by Americans of Americans in Europe that I must call attention to and condemn. Some type of the pen—generally a disappointed old maid, or, worse still, a disappointed old wife—makes a dashing unpaid-for denunciation of "our American women who do this or who do that," just as if all American women were guilty of one and all of the same errors, and all American women required reproach by these tyros in newspaper correspondence. I frequently read that "Our American women wear too much jewelry at breakfast, or when traveling," etc. Now, this is a rank slander on American women, who excel, as a rule, in their style and taste of dress, and ornamentation any women of the world. True, there are some American women, but more often women from America, who indulge in loud dressing and jewelry display; but is that an evidence that all American ladies are thus addicted, or afflicted? Suppose we were to sum up all English women by those seen in America? Or all we see traveling on the Continent of Europe? Should we be justified in saying "how dowdy and splay-footed all English women are? What very shocking discrimination these English women exhibit in taste?" We certainly would fall into a great error in such wholesale conclusions. But we are, as Americans, the most narrow in national esprit de corps, and the most prejudicial, and the most vituperative of our people, hurling ridicule toward them while journeying in Europe. This is particularly observable on the part of Northern women toward Western women.

The valley of the Euphrates is designed to become one of the greatest commercial and important political centers of the world. I have myself seen whole caravans traveling through this region bearing nothing but American petroleum. American petroleum now lights up the dark places of Nineveh, Jerusalem, and all the cities of the East. And if our legislators at Washington were wise, our annual exports to that part of the world might be increased \$100,000,000. Were I starting for life in business, I would go East as the agent of some great American house and establish posts for the distribution of American products, of sewing machines and agricultural implements in the valley of the Euphrates. This is to be the market of the world. And yet, still and for all future time will be fulfilled the old prophecy that Babylon shall never be rebuilt. Standing in the midst of all this beauty and life, it is itself desolation and ruin.—Lecture by Dr. Newman.

It is said by prominent Democrats that a resolution will soon be introduced in the House directing the Committee on Judiciary to investigate the alleged Florida frauds and authorizing them to send for persons and papers. This would include the statements of McLin and Dennis, and other proofs in that connection. The investigation will be made with a view of ascertaining all the facts, and not to interfere with the present position of President Hayes.

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